

The Bridgton Reporter.

HORACE C. LITTLE
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

A Local and Instructive Family Newspaper. Strictly Neutral in Politics.

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Bridgton Reporter.

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H. C. LITTLE.

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Poetical Selections.

Mormon Love Song.

Say, Susan, wilt thou come with me
In sweet community to live?

Of heart and hand, and home, to thee
A sixteenth part I'll freely give.

Of all the love that swells my breast,
Of all the honor of my name,

Of worldly wealth by me possessed,
A sixteenth portion thou shalt claim.

Nay, tell me not too many share
The blessings that I offer thee;

Thou'lt find but fifteen others there,
A household happy, gay and free.

A moderate household, I may say;
My neighbor has as many more.

And brother Brigham o'er the way
Luxuriates in forty-four.

I promise thee a life of ease,
And for thyself I'll let thee choose

Such duties as thy fancy please,
Say, Susan, canst thou still refuse?

Sophistic cooks and sweeps the floors,
And Hepzibah makes up the beds,

And answers all the children's heads
And the household duties all divide

On each according to her lot;
But from such labors I'll absolve

My Susan, if she likes them not,
Into thy hands such tasks as take

A dignity, will I consign;
I'll let thee black my boots, or make

The sock and shirt department thine.
I'll give thee whatsoever thou wilt—

So it be but a sixteenth part;
'Twould be the deepest depth of guilt

To slight the rest who share my heart.
Then wilt thou not thy fraction yield

To make up my domestic bliss?
Say yes—just the sixteenth of a kiss.

Our Story Teller.

A Thrilling Sketch.

The light of the October sun fell in
slanting rays upon our fair gem of the

mountains—the Winnipissaukee.
The waves rippled and curled in the soft

breeze, and fanned the green Islands in
rufflings of silver.

It was a glorious scene—that white,
glittering lake, that clear, cloudless sky,

and that eternal wall of mountains, keep-
ing a silent watch over all!—Perhaps

some such thoughts flitted through the
mind of farmer Horton's good wife as

she sat leisurely darning her husband's
stockings in the ruddy glow which came

in through the uncurtained window.

"Where can that child be? I do
wonder—strange! it's nigh three o'clock,

and she's not home yet! Strange enough!"

"What's strange, Sally?" put in a rough
voice from the doorway, and Mrs. Horton's

husband entered the apartment.

"Why I sent Mary to the forty-acre lot
with Bill's dinner, about two hours ago,

and she isn't home yet. Them apples
never'll be pared. I don't see why she

don't come; she's had time enough."

Mrs. Horton was in that uncomfortable
state between grief and anger; she

was troubled about the absence of her
child, fearing some evil had befallen her,

and she was a little inclined to be angry
because she was not back to do the work

she had assigned her.

"Well, well, Sally," said Mr. Horton,
good humoredly, "don't be fretty; per-

haps, she's got to pickin' berries—gals
will be gals ye know, and Mary's as good

as any man's child. But he added in a
strangely altered voice, and with an un-

natural paleness creeping over his
cheek, "which path did she take?"

"What path? why that over the hill
to be sure! It's half a mile nigher that

way."

"Good God," exclaimed John Horton,
striking his forehead, "I feared it, Sally,

hant' me that powder horn. Quick,
quick!"

He snatched down the old musket
which had done glorious service in the

revolution, and commenced loading it in
frantic haste.

"What is it? I seen Tom Smith not
an hour ago, and he told me that this

morning as Tom and Jim was going
over the hill, there came up a she bear

—a big black, savage she bear, with
cubs, right out of the bushes! They

didn't dare to fight her without guns,
but they are going to get up a crew to-

wards night, and kill the critter if pos-
sible. Poor little Mary. Keep up a

good heart, wife, may be it ain't so bad
as I fear! and shouldering his musket,

Farmer Horton hurried out of the house,
and struck into the dismal path over the

hill.

It is a terrible thing to have a child
—a creature of your own flesh and blood

—exposed to imminent peril, and know
yourself powerless to aid, impotent to

help. Farmer Horton went on, a dread-
ful fear tugging at his heart strings and

urging him to renewed and continued
effort.

The summit of the hill was reached—
in the dry sand he observed the foot-

steps of his child, another incentive to
action—and he flew, rather than walk-

ed down the steep pathway.

But stay! his blood freezes, his life
congeals in horror at the spectacle!

Before him lay the open field of the
forty-acre lot. At the extremity of this

stretch of land there was a huge rock,
with a few stunted shrubs, and here

and there a handful of sickly moss cling-
ing to its sides.

His crippled son George—disabled
from an early attack of disease—had

gone into the field that morning with
his brother William, not because he

could assist him in his labors, but be-
cause the sweet communion of the great hills,

and the tender blue of the silent sky.

Now looking down upon the field,
the father saw his children, and like a

reed in the wind, he shuddered at the
sight. William lay extended upon the

ground, apparently lifeless, and but a
few paces from him stood Mary. Her

bonnet had fallen off, and her brown
curls were floating in the breeze—a

mass of dusky gold. Her right arm
was stretched out toward the rock;

her left—John Horton gave a sharp,
stern groan as he observed it! Black

and terrible in her maddened fury at
a monster bear half crouched by the side

of the girl, and down the yawning mouth
of the animal was thrust the fair arm

of Mary, down even to the shoulder.

For the meaning of the scene the father
was not long in conjecturing a reason.

Following the direction of the
right arm he saw that George, the cri-

ple, was slowly nearing the rock; a mo-
ment more and he would scale it! Once

upon the summit and he was safe. The
father saw the quivering of that slender

arm, the torn and mutilated flesh—in
another moment the bear would be free,

and then—

He leveled his musket.

"Mary, my girl, turn your body to
the right."

It was a fearful moment; but John
Horton's hand never trembled. A brave

man's never does in the extreme hour
of trial. Mary obeyed the order, and

calm and pale she stood with that dead-
ly weapon pointed at her—that raven-

sous animal just ready to spring upon
her form.

One tremble of the finger—one hair's
breadth inaccuracy in the aim, John

Horton, and you will shed your child's
blood. He pulled the trigger, and closed

his eyes. The report rang out loud and
clear over the clearing. He looked—

Mary stood as before, but the bear was
writing in the agonies of death at her

side.

A hurried, joyful bound, and the father
held her in his arms.

"Oh, Mary! Mary! how much is it?
is it—"

George's life? And deeply grieving
and sorrowing over the terrible sacrifice

which was the price of his son's salva-
tion, yet did that father rejoice that

Mary, his daughter, was noble enough
to make it.

It seemed that after taking the boys'
dinner to them, the girl had set out on

her return home.—She had proceeded
but a short distance when a cry from

George had alarmed her, and turning,
saw a large bear; followed by two cubs,

moving stealthily across the further por-
tion of the clearing. To turn back was

her first impulse, and she did so. Wil-
liam, who was a strong young fellow of

fifteen armed with a stick, determined
upon fight rather than flight, and George

cripple though he was, refused to
seek his own safety by deserting his

brother.

The struggle between the courageous
youth and his formidable adversary was

prolonged and fearful; at times the vic-
tory was on the point of being given to

William, and then, the superior strength
of his foe overpowered him. At length

a blow from the animal's huge paw,
struck him upon the head and felled him

to the earth. In another moment he
would have been food for the cowardly

cubs, had not Mary, thinking only of
saving her brothers, rushed forward and

thrust her arm (in the hand of which
she still held the wicked bottle that

had contained the coffee for the boys'
dinner,) down the throat of the infuri-
ated beast.

The animal was stunned, and not a
little surprised by the unexpected as-

sault, and for an instant he was van-
quished.

"For your life, George. For your
life, to the rock! I'll cry the girl, and

George, weak and frightened by the
scene, and accustomed as he was to obey

his sister in all things, made his best
progress towards the place of refuge.

It was thus John Horton found them
and in a few hurried words Mary made

him acquainted with the facts we have
related.

William was uninjured, with the ex-
ception of a few scratches, and the ap-
plication of cold water from a neigh-

oring spring soon restored him to con-
sciousness.

Saddened, and yet grateful, Farmer
Horton took Mary home in his arms,

for the loss of blood and pain she suf-
fered had enfeebled her to such an ex-

tent that she was unable to walk.

William, supporting his lame brother
followed behind. Half way across the

hill they were met by Mrs. Horton,
who was driven almost to frenzy at the

sight of her wounded daughter.

"And to think!" she exclaimed up-
braidingly, "to think that I should have

been beguiling her a little time and
she in such an awful situation! Oh

dear!—poor Mary!—my poor child!

Mary's arm was examined by the
village physician, who decided upon

amputation from the shoulder; and the
following morning was fixed upon for

performing the operation. Doctor Gro-
ver refused to perform the act of dis-

severing the limb without some more
experienced assistance, and his errand

boy had rode all night to bring up a
surgeon from the city.

Dr. Moreton came promptly, and al-
though his reputation as a skillful and

successful practitioner had gone far and
wide he had scarcely seen twenty years.

Mary bore the tedious process without
a shudder and through it all Dr. More-

ton's face expressed the most sincere
admiration of her fortitude.

From that time he became a constant
visitor at the red farmhouse, at first al-

leging an anxiety in the healing of the
stump, and afterwards alleging nothing

unless we except the expressive and
pleasing language which emanated from

his dark, bright eyes. Mary must have
been able to translate his language, for

her color came in a red flood when she
met the glance of those eyes, and the

heart quickened in its throbbings when
he sat down by her side.

"Never mind, father, I have saved

George's life. And deeply grieving
and sorrowing over the terrible sacrifice

which was the price of his son's salva-
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Miss Lizzie Fly, - - - - - EDITRESS.

BRIDGTON, Friday, February 20, 1863.

WAR.

As this is the all engrossing subject that still occupies the major part of our time for reading, more because we are from bitter compulsion more or less interested in some particular relation or friend who has gone forth to risk all, if need be, for his country, and none the less because we all have our love for our country, we will say a few words on the subject, such as we are able to glean from the experience we have had and our own observations.

It is seemingly discouraging that with the abundant resources of the whole North, and the vast army she has caused to be put in the field that we have not accomplished even greater results. Still, while we long for a close of this war, provided our peace be on rightful terms, yet we must press on and not look back, that long watched for period must arrive when the strong arm of the right must triumph. Does it not become us then to be united as one in this strife, to be ever hopeful, for rest assured, good must come from this war even, we believe there must be strong results from such a contest, if so, and we believe it to be. Why then despond, cheer up and let the united voice of the people be, we will each and every one of us be true to our country by sustaining its laws and defending its constitution. The call may be repeated, as it often has to fill up the ranks. If so, let our answer be that each and every one of us may be one of the drops in the bucket of that vast army that will in its own humble way hasten on the time when the dark clouds that now hang over country, threatening destruction to the best government that ever existed, may be rolled away and the glorious stars and stripes float once more over a united people from East to West and North to South.

Judging from what we have seen, we believe this war cannot be conducted with too much energy and ability, that there is a lack of both is plain to be seen, we do not however feel competent to judge any of our leaders, but that we have too many where we need only one; one whosoever he may be, that will lead our army to successive victories, no one will deny. Of the material which our army is composed of, we have seen too much bravery and soldierly bearing of our men, from what we have seen we cannot speak in too high terms, that they have shed enough of their best blood, that they have suffered enough to atone for the sins of this nation, no one can but believe, and may their day of suffering soon be ended is the earnest desire of all, with their whole end accomplished, the restoration of our glorious union.

We have fought many battles when the great loss of blood and treasure were seemingly of no avail to either party, this may have a discouraging aspect to many, but that we are fighting for some wise purpose, we think none of our candid readers will deny and what may seem almost a defeat at one time often proves a victory, thus we cannot judge hastily as we are wont to do. We must pronounce our opinions when our national difficulties are settled, and not till then cease to give our entire energies and attention to the one great end of fighting the war to a victorious close. We believe it to be no time to discuss party issues pertaining to this war, but to unite first in ridding ourselves of the evil, then if parties choose they cannot be blamed for tracing out the cause, neither can they punish too severely the leaders of this rebellion.

The telegraphic dispatches up to the 16th contain no important news from the war department.

The Tribune's Washington dispatch of that date says an important, but vague rumor comes through rebel channels that Gen. Banks has fought a battle seven miles below Port Hudson, the result of which was the rebels fell back to Port Hudson, while General Banks retired to his camp.

Another dispatch bearing same date says that the steamer Swan, from Key West for New Orleans, was lost with 17 of her crew and passengers.

Arthur's Home Magazine has been received for the month of March. Six illustrations with much useful reading embellish the number. The steel engraving "Take Care" and the picture of "Fresh Salt" are very fine pictures. For sale at this office.

In last week's issue we took an item from the Lewiston Journal, saying there were counterfeit \$10's on the Auburn Bank in circulation. Such is not the case, and no counterfeit has ever appeared since the Bank went into operation.

Gratefully recognizing the courteous greetings of the editorial spiders, we feel more than ever inclined to buzz.

SUPERSTITION.

There are few of us however, philosophers in our pretensions, who have not a vain of superstition in our composition, deny it as we may.

The precise subjects of this superstition may vary in different individuals; but trace it to its origin and it is superstition still. In many it takes the form of religion, and they worship God with a superstitious awe, dreading His wrath more than they desire His love, and this formal devotion is accounted to them by the world for righteousness, while their poor, craven hearts, instead of warming and expanding in the glow of His love, are shrinking and cowering in dread of His anger.

Another class suffer their acts to be controlled by signs and omens, until they have a sign for almost every occurrence, however trivial. We may disclaim against these omens as much as we please, and yet, what we have heard repeated so often from our infancy becomes so interwoven with our being, that in spite of reason, in spite of our philosophy, and while we would blush to acknowledge the same to ourselves in secret, we often find ourselves calculating our day's success by the position of a pin upon the carpet. To this folly some of ye wise sophists will plead not guilty; but hold a moment and tell us if you have not felt uncomfortable for a whole day, and regarded some of your dearest friends with suspicion, eye, even fixed in your mind upon the veritable traitor, because you dreamed of snakes the night before.

Again, have you not examined your apartments and bolted your doors, reasoning yourself into a feeling of the most perfect security, and yet when the darkness—the shadows of evening came creeping around you, has not a vague dread of something undefinable come with these shadows, and you go peering into the darkness to discover the objects of your dread?

This dread of darkness is inherent, being so often manifested by children, even before they have command of language to express the cause of their fear.

And how many of us of mature years have felt that same indescribable repugnance to entering dark rooms, going through dark passages, hurrying to escape the spirits of darkness which seem clutching at our backs.

Nor are these promptings of nature to be wholly disregarded. We know that phantasms and spirits of darkness flee before the light.

Let us shun spiritual darkness more than the shadows of night, knowing that dangers more to be dreaded than physical death, lurks in the sin benighted by ways of life, but those whose lives are pure, fear not to let their light so shine, that others seeing the good works may glorify the Father of Light.

Let us open the windows of our souls to the light of every new truth, that the dark shadows of superstition may flee before the more perfect understanding of God's love, that when he grants us a foreshadowing of his glorious purposes, we may receive the same with joy.

LETTERS.

Do you have many Letters? If so we judge you have many friends.

By letters we do not mean those curt epistles which run "somewhat after this fashion"—"Dear Sir:—You will please forward the amount of that little bill," or in other words, what the villagers term an order for wheels; but those genuine letters prompted by the ties of consanguinity, friendship or love.

How eagerly we receive them from the hands of the post man, and hasten home to devour their contents. If from home, here we have it in detail, the entire proceedings from the hour of departure up to the present date, together with the little plans and anticipations for the future. Our perfect knowledge of the minutiae of that home completes the picture, so that by the means of this one little letter, we have been able without leaving our seat, to raise the latch and cross the threshold of the dear old home—stead, and become acquainted with all the thoughts, intents and purposes of each loved inmate.

If from a friend, we are pleasantly carried back to the days and the scenes long since, and this kind missive has invited us to a pleasant stroll among the dear, familiar haunts of the past, around which we dreamingly linger for hours.

If from a lover, — well if we know, it wouldn't do to tell, and we couldn't judge of the contents or effect of such letters from experience. Some one please finish this article who knows how.

An old hunk trying to pay off his hired man in old clothes, went on providing his cast off apparel something after the following: "There Sam is a suit of clothes I had made for me when I was an Officer in the Militia. They never was worn much, and they would fit you nicely besides they are just in the nip of style."

Matters about Town.

Under date of February 11th, Gov. Coburn has made appointments, promoted our townsman and friend, Lieut. Henry B. Cleaves from Orderly Sergeant to 1st Lieutenant of Co. B, 23d Me. Regiment. Lieut. Cleaves has many warm friends who are happy to learn of his deserved success, he has been a most faithful and competent Sergeant and has won the love and esteem of the men composing the company to which he belongs by his promptness and faithfulness; he has ability, experience, and the confidence of his men, and will fill his new post of honor with credit to himself and his many friends.

Capt. Granville Fernald of Harrison, has also been promoted from 2d Lieutenant to the Captaincy of the same company. Capt. Fernald has a large circle of friends won by his many good qualities who will be pleased to learn of his success, that he has the qualifications of making an efficient officer no one will deny, by his steadiness of purpose and strict attention to duty he has the good will of his company and the Regiment.

Lieut. Joshua R. Howard of Hanover, has been promoted from 2d Sergeant to the 2d Lieutenant of the same company, we can not say too much in favor of Lieut. Howard who by his kindness to his men has won both their respect and love, he has not been excused from duty any since he joined the service by sickness or otherwise, and his time has been spent in hard work for the comfort and pleasure of those around him. He will fill his new post both with honor and credit.

We feel rejoiced to know we have left Co. B in such good and efficient hands, that the officers and company will all do their duty nobly as they ever have been ready and willing to, we have not the shadow of a doubt. Our best wishes attend them.

We have within a few days taken a peep into the factory of R. Gibbs' and the Forest Stocking Mill of Messrs Chadwick and Boothby.

The former is more properly known as the Cumberland Mills, and employs quite a number of hands, who seem thoroughly acquainted with their business. One young lady engaged in what she called spooling, showed herself as perfect adept in tying knots.

The business of the latter being very dirty while the dark work lasts, but we observed that they have already introduced some white work.

In the Stocking Mill fewer operatives are employed, the stockings being sent out through this and neighboring towns to be heel and toes by hand. There is as much demand for this work as there was a few years ago for sale work, although a lady who has been doing it for several months informs us that by devoting herself to it closely she cannot earn more than twenty cents per day. Yet it is light pretty work for long winter evenings, and better than idleness.

The Knitting machines are really pretty but in their operations conflict strangely with all former ideas of that ancient occupation.

It was with a feeling of sadness that we learned of the death of private Preston M. Glines of North Bridgton, in Co. B, 23d Maine Regiment, from a private letter from Corporal Gibbs. He died some two weeks since after a long illness. He was about nineteen years of age.

His true, soldierly bearing and expertness in doing his duty had placed him in high esteem among his officers, and had his health continued he would have been promoted to a noncommissioned officer for his good qualities exhibited in doing his duty. He will be very much missed by his Company, and we deeply sympathize with his afflicted mother. May the assurance that her noble boy died while serving his country faithfully, while doing his duty, and that he was beloved by all his acquaintances, in its humble measure alleviate her sufferings.

From the same source we learn that otherwise the health of Co. B, is excellent, only one being in the Hospital.

The case of Samuel G. Chadbourne Esq., of this place against the Town of Windham to recover damages for injuries sustained by him, March 2, 1861, by the upsetting of his stage coach on the road from North Windham village to Windham Hill has been decided we are happy to state in favor of Mr. Chadbourne, although the sum decided upon, \$1200. We think is not sufficient to remunerate him for the severe injury he received.

Messrs N. S. & F. J. Littlefield of this village managed the case for plaintiff, and Messrs Howard & Strout of Portland for defendant. Dr. J. P. Webb, W. N. Cross Esq., and R. Gage were the principle witnesses in this case for plaintiff.

We call special attention to the advertisement headed "How to Make Five Dollars a Day."

Last Saturday morning quite an excitement created by an alarm of fire.

The fire originated in the marble shop of Sawyer & Wiswell, and damaged the establishment to some considerable extent, but not enough to retard their business in any way. When will our people learn from experience the necessity of having a fire engine in a place like this?

We fear some terrible experience will teach them the important lesson.

Regretting that we published such a mistake, we are very glad to correct it; and inform our readers that Mrs. Palmer of South Bridgton is not dead, although suffering much from her terrible bereavement.

The report came to us apparently so well authenticated that we had no doubt of its truth.

Mr. L. T. Barker is teaching a Singing school in Temperance Hall, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. We understand that he has a fine class, giving good evidence of his ability as a teacher. Truly our young people are making out in various ways to pass the winter very pleasantly.

We learn that the brick house and land on Temple Street, belonging to the estate of the late Samuel Andrews, has been sold this week to Hiram Baston Esq.

Correspondence.

IN THE SHADOW OF OLD HARVARD.

To be, or not to be—Ali Right—Gulliver Nowhere, or the Tom Thumb Excitement—Curious Speculations concerning the Marriage—Literary Gossip—The Weather.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 14th, 1863.

DEAR REPORTER:—Nine o'clock, P. M. So the loud, heavy voice of the clock in the neighboring belfry announces, admonishing your correspondent it is time for him and all honest folks to be abed. But before surrendering to Morpheus, I must have a little chat with my old friend the Reporter. Now I always thought Nubum was a clever, well-disposed, and above all things, peaceable young man; judge then my surprise on reading his announcement that he had turned executioner—that he, in cool blood and with malice aforethought had suspended the Reporter!—Seriously, I felt not a little of my weekly report of Bridgton news—for, as the Bridgton folks say when they go away to live, "the Reporter is as good as a letter any time." Hence I rejoice that our unpretending sheet (good things in small packages, you know,) has resumed its weekly visits. Many thanks to you, friend Little, for your efforts in the right direction! And if the paper can't be sustained at the present low terms then by all means call on your patrons to come to the rescue; which I think they will do with willing hearts. Let us have spunk enough and pride enough to support our village newspaper! If there are any individuals who, after a year's enjoyment of their local paper, consider themselves insulted if called upon for payment thereof, to them I would say, you need never have any fears of the gentleman with the cloven foot, for he is shrewd enough to avoid all such mean and sordid wretches.

The great event of the week is Tom Thumb's Marriage. The papers are full of it; reporters and artists have brought their pens, paper and pencils into requisition to do the affair justice; card photographs of the pair are for sale at the shop windows; and people meet and talk over the occurrence, making all sorts of observations, laughing, praising and admiring. All kinds of speculations are rife concerning the progeny in prospective of the lilliputian. One thinks they will have children as large as anybody; another, that their offspring will inherit that physical peculiarity which has rendered them so famous;—while a third expresses his solemn conviction that they won't have any children at all. But nous verrons.

In spite of the war, new books are coming out continually. The most elegant printing done in the country is executed here in Cambridge, at the University Press of Welch, Bigelow & Co. and the Riverside Press of Houghton. New York publishers send to these establishments when they want to issue a work in a superior manner. Mrs. Fremont's "Story of the Guard" has had a good run, and when I was down to O. O. Houghton's the other day, they were at work on the third edition. Wilkie Collins' "No Name," published by the Harpers, is attracting considerable attention; but the book for the times is Russell's "Diary North and South." Mr. S. O. H. P. Burnham, the enterprising Boston Publisher, having decided to publish this work, he made a bargain with Mr. Houghton to get it out with all possible dispatch. The latter gentleman set all hands at work as fast as they could rush, and bringing all the powers of his extensive establishment into

lay, the book was printed, bound, and ready for delivery in one week's time. In a few days, out of an edition of five hundred copies, Mr. Burnham had only 11 copies left on his counters. Another edition was quickly struck off, and customers can now be supplied with the book, bound in cloth at \$1.25, or paper covers at 50 cents, just as they prefer. Mr. Houghton does the printing for Ticknor & Fields and it is at his office that the Atlantic Monthly is printed, the proof sheets of which may be seen some weeks in advance of its issue. The public is not aware, perhaps, what care and labor are bestowed upon this popular monthly ere their eyes are allowed to feast upon its pages. Over it presides that sharp-eyed critic and literary functionary Mr. Nichols. By him every article designed for its columns is weighed, and if found wanting, its fate is sealed instantly. And, innocent reader, you need not indulge in the fond illusion that the production of some noted writer, which you are reading, is just as it came from the author's brain. An article is sent in. It's author perhaps is Mr. Emerson, or Mr. Hawthorne, or Mr. Hazewell. No matter for that; the astute editor sees a sentence or paragraph which seems to him superfluous or objectionable, and dash goes his merciless pen across it. Like as not the article is so abridged, amended, and altered, that when returned to the author for him to rewrite, he hardly recognizes it as his own production.

We have had a remarkable open winter, and mild weather; only a few days sleighing in all, and not much prospect of any more. Livery stable owners and hotel keepers are sadly disappointed, but the poor rejoices. But the lateness of the hour warns me to stop my pen. The light of the dwellings are gone out; the noise of the carriages has ceased; and the muffled watchman, as he trends his lonely beat, is about the only being astir. The city is buried in profound slumber, and your humble servant will now follow the example of the multitude. So good night.

C. O. S.

Camp Correspondence.

HEAD QUARTERS 16th Me. Reg. Vol. 1

Camp near Bell Plain Va. Feb. 11.

FRIEND REPORTER:—Thinking you might be glad to hear from the sixteenth, I have just sent you a few lines.

There is a bank in that city which is a mere shell. The President, who controlled most of the stock, has sold specie on hand, disposed of the bank and other securities, and keeps his locked up in ready bundles in a safe in his safe. Outwardly the bank is inwardly a bubble.

THE KNOX OF THE PINE.—Mr. Palmer, one of the successful men of the Saco River, cut on the "Joe" large a few weeks since, a tree ten feet across the stump 6 feet, making a circumference about 18 feet. The tree was a thousand of lumber and was made into sugar boxes.

—The Oxford Democrat sent field Branch Railroad has been bought by a Mr. Morrill of Massachusetts, a man who thoroughly understands business. He will run the road as if it then pays expenses and loss, continue it in operation. The road opened to Buckfield in a few days.

MURDER IN CAMDEN.—A death was committed in Camden on the 1st. A Mr. Blake, a sail maker, was shot by a Mr. Patterson (his name through the head, in a sail) Patterson died instantly.

HORACE VERNET.—This eminent historical painter died on the 11th of Paris, where he was born in 1791. He left behind him monuments of art which will immortalize him, and most prolific as well as popular.

—The Democrat learns that Dr. Lewis, pastor of the Methodist Church in Paris, was called to Washington last to see his only son, who is sick in hospital at Washington. Dr. Lewis is a member of the Sixth Maine Regiment.

A lady in Philadelphia was found portmanteau containing seven diamond rings, in a street car, and found in a diamond ring, which she said

—The Maine Senate is made up of lawyers, sixteen merchants, five farmers, three lumbermen, one mason, tanner and "gentleman."

—Sales of cotton were reported in New York at 96 cents a pound, a rate a bale of cotton is worth. The war it was worth about \$2000.

—We learn that the small pox to some extent in Wisconsin, but has occurred from the disease, and several persons are now down with it.

—The conscription bill is being in Congress. If it passes, it is that the President will call for 300,000 men, in May.

—The battalion of the Maine 2d left this city not long since, it is camped near White Oak Church, Va. On! The New Bedford Mercury says Miss Lavinia Warren's finger is Thumbs!

—The Adjutant General's report said, will be published in a few days.

News and State Items.

PEACE CONVENTION IN KENTUCKY.—A patch from Frankfort, of Feb. 9th, says that the Legislature has passed a resolution providing for the appointment of a commission to meet delegates from the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana and New York, at Louisville, 16 of March, in National Convention, to an armistice and consider peace for reunion.

The Illinois Legislature, however, be able to send commissioners, as public members have bolted, leaving branches without a quorum. No, been had looking to the appointment of commissioners in any of the Legislatures named, except Indiana and Illinois.

BUSHLING STAMPS.—On Saturday the New York Post Office had a huge job before them, namely, to issue and assorting of eight thousand hundred dollars worth of solid stamps which had been made up in a bundle and deposited in the hands of a defunct specimen of currency had belonged to the Eighth Avenue National Bank. It required two stout men to carry the package to the Post Office, and it is thought that all the redeemed stamps be counted and assorted by the bank.

STEAMER SAVED FROM CAPTURE BY UNION SOLDIERS. A Fort Clinch letter of the 31st, states that a place on the St. Mary's river at Bluff, between rebel cavalry and Union soldiers of colored South Carolina. The rebels attempted to take the John Adams by boarding, but the Union soldiers beat them off bravely. The John Adams was shot, his masts being shot immediately by a negro. Our loss was two men. The steamer not injured.

PICKEREL.—We were yesterday with a lot of these beautiful fish by our friend, J. H. Fitzgerald, two assistants, caught 95 of them, out of Long and Moore's Bridgeport. We shall probably in Fitzgerald's store, 166 Middle Street, and purchase something, if he is in "some more of the same sort." —Advertiser

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Bridgton Prices Current.

BRIDGTON MARKET.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.]

Hay,	\$12 00
Eggs,	4 00
Cheese,	10 00
Butter,	10 00
Bacon chops,	10 00
Shoulders,	10 00
Hams,	10 00
Pork, salt,	4 00
Beef,	10 00
Quits,	10 00
Rye,	10 00
Corn,	10 00
Flour,	10 00
Round Hogs,	10 00
Woolskins,	10 00
Beans,	10 00
Apples, has,	10 00
Apples, bl,	10 00
Dried Apples,	10 00
Turkeys,	10 00
Chickens,	10 00
Wood,	10 00
Bark,	10 00
Northern Clover,	10 00
Red Top,	10 00
Herds Grass,	10 00
Potatoes,	10 00
Wool,	10 00

Marriages.

In Portland, Feb. 12th, by Rev. Dr. James S. Pearson, of this city, and Maria J. Merrill, of Waterford.

Deaths.

In Lovell, Jan. 15th, of dropsy, Stearns, aged 65 years. The community in which he lived, more than the family of this good man, has lost a most valuable member. He had been months he suffered from a most distressing disease, but through it all he manifested most unwarlike patience.

He leaves a wife and eight children, of his sons now in the Union army. In Perry, N. Y., Feb. 3, Mrs. Sabir, wife of Capt. S. B. Bean of Brownfield, in Hiram, Feb. 5th, Dea. Samuel Hill, formerly of Saco, aged 99 yrs 1 month 3 days.

Special Notices.

How to Make \$5 a Day.

When all other Efforts have failed, HODGSON & CO., 156 BROADWAY, N. Y., HAVE JUST published a HUNDRED VALUABLE SECRETS, showing them, any one, male or female, easily make \$5 a day, without capital, any city or village. Every one should possess these Secrets, for they are worth any single or married person. Some of the Secrets have been sold for \$20 each, alone cost us \$250 for the right to publish. When you once own them you will part with them for money. Several persons are now making \$120 per month by the use of these Secrets. By them any person may make money easily and rapidly. We send a Book of Secrets for 25 cts., two copies for three 50 cts., four 65 cts., five 75 cts., \$1. Send Government money.

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, &c.

HEGEMAN & CO'S GENUINE COD LIVER OIL has been proved by nearly 20 years experience the best remedy for CONSUMPTION, &c., and while it cures the disease gives flesh and strength to the patient. That you get the Genuine. Sold by Druggists generally. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists & Druggists, New York.

SAVE YOUR SILKS, RIBBONS, &c.

HEGEMAN & CO'S CONCENTRATED BENZINE removes Paint, Grease, Spots, Instantly, and cleans Gloves, Silks, equal to new without injury to the most delicate color or fabric. Only 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists generally. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists & Druggists.

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, Scouring, &c.

CERTAIN AND IMMEDIATE CURE. HEGEMAN & CO'S CAMPHORICE OIL, GLYCERINE, if used according to the directions, will keep the hands soft in the coldest weather. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail. Sold by Druggists generally. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists & Druggists.

Secure your health, your own health, and the health of your family, by using the Night air, bad food, and drenching rain, make bad havoc with the strongest, then let every man supply himself with LOWEY'S OINTMENT. It is a certain remedy for every kind of skin disease. Only 25 cts. per Pot.

Soldiers, see to your own health, and the health of your family, by using the Night air, bad food, and drenching rain, make bad havoc with the strongest, then let every man supply himself with LOWEY'S OINTMENT. It is a certain remedy for every kind of skin disease. Only 25 cts. per Pot.

New Advertisements.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY.

NORTH BRIDGTON, - - - - - MA.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institute will commence on Tuesday, February 24th, and continue 11 weeks.

C. E. HILTON, A. M., - - - - - Principal. Rev. FRANKLIN YRATON, A. M., Vice Principal. Mrs. ELIZABETH HILTON, Teacher of Music. Miss L. K. Gibbs, Teacher of Drawing.

The Trustees of this Institution are desirous to announce to the public that the school of the Rev. FRANKLIN YRATON, have been opened for the Spring Term. Mr. Yraton brings with him a rich experience, and well earned reputation of a successful teacher.

If sufficient encouragement is offered, the Primary Department will be formed under the supervision of Mrs. Hilton, to which students under twelve years of age will be admitted for \$2 00 per term.

Board near the Academy \$2 00 per week and lights extra. Students can reduce their expenses by boarding themselves. Special attention given to those desiring to teach.

Text books supplied at Portland prices. T. H. BRAD, Secy.</

MISSAPARILLA

[illegible]

Tale and Sentiment

—The Belfast Journal tells the following story: A gentleman of this city (Belfast) had at one time in his employ an Irishman possessed of a good deal more zeal than knowledge. His employer gave him a key one morning with directions to 'go to the Post Office and get the contents of forty.' Pat vanished, but presently came back with pockets, hat and hands filled with a miscellaneous collection of mail matter, and the explanation—"I couldn't open forty, sir, but I opened all I could, and here they be!"

A POLITE MAN.—My deceased uncle, says a humorous writer, was the most polite gentleman in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sunk. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?" and down he went.

—During a late canvass in Michigan a surgeon dentist was making an excellent speech in one of the interior towns; a low fellow, belonging to the other party, interrupted him with the question, "What do you ask to pull a tooth, doctor?" "I will pull a tooth for a shilling, and your nose gratis," replied the doctor.

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed Cushing to a companion; "why it's an awful smelling thing!" "Oh, no; it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply. "What is it then?" inquired Cushing. "Why, it's your nose that smells, of course—that's what noses are made for."

—Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for years to come. How forcibly does this figure show the necessity of giving right tendencies to the minds and hearts of the young.

—What's that ar a picture on? asked a countryman in a print store the other day to the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings. "That, sir, is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." "Du tell! Which is Josh and which is his son?"

—A city editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A western editor assures his contemporary that a good many men in Michigan have done the same thing by only marrying one.

—To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in his presence, is worth more than a long prayer.

—Old Maid—"What! nine months old and cannot walk yet! Why, when I was a baby, I went alone even at six months." Young and indignant mother (muttering to herself) "Humph! guess you've been alone ever since!"

A little boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?"

The course of true love with a certain couple in Elmswell, England, recently terminated in a happy marriage, after a courtship of 26 years!

Sir, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment. "Ah, Miss, why should I fear your arrows when you never had a beau?"

The heart that soars upwards escapes little cares and vexations; the birds that fly have not the dust of the road upon their wings.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said, when the little boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

"Be content with what you have," as a rat said to the trap, when he saw that he had left a part of his tail in it.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

Home Advertisements.

Horace C. Little,

Publisher, Bookseller and Stationer,

(TEMPERANCE BUILDING.)

BRIDGTON CENTER, . . . MAINE.

THE subscriber having fitted up the front part of the office of

THE BRIDGTON REPORTER,

In the neatest manner, at much expense, begs leave to inform the citizens of

BRIDGTON,

And the surrounding towns, that he is prepared to sell them such as

BOOKS!

STATIONERY! PERIODICALS!

—AND—

FANCY GOODS!

As cheap as the cheapest.

Having purchased before such goods increased in price, and having

Bought For Cash

Will offer superior inducements to CASH PURCHASERS.

New Store,—New Goods!

Always on hand, and constantly receiving a fresh assortment,—such as

American, English Cap and Letter Papers,

Commercial Note,

PENS,

INK,

PEN HOLDERS,

WALERS,

SEALING WAX

SCHOOL BOOKS,

ENVELOPES,

PORTEMONIES,

BLOTTERS,

LIQUID GLUE,

REWARD OF MERITS

CARDS, LED-PENCILS, KNIVES, &c. &c.

Also, for sale a new lot of

FANCY GOODS;

—SUCH AS—

COLOGNE, HAIR OILS,

PERFUMERY, COMBS,

PORTABLE INK STANDS,

and PRESENTS of all kinds.

Call and see for yourselves!

Persons wishing for work in our line are invited to call as we can suit them, both as to style and price.

Bridgton, Aug 15, 1862.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, of the Town of Bridgton, give notice, that they will be in session at the Town House within said Town, on the first and third Saturday of each month, from one o'clock until five in the P. M., for the purpose of transacting such business as may come before them in their official capacity.

Families of Volunteers needing relief are requested to give their attention at the time and place above stated.

THOMAS CLAYTON,
JACOB HAZEN,
GEORGE E. MEAD.

Bridgton, March 8th. A. D., 1862

J. D. WOODBURY,

DEALER IN

FRUIT CONFECTIONERY.

CIGARS, &c.

BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

Also—Saws GUMMED and FILED at the

shortest notice. On May 9

S. M. HARMON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

Office in Temperance Building

Home Advertisements.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

JOB PRINTING

HOUSE!

THE REPORTER OFFICE,

TEMPERANCE BUILDING, BRIDGTON,

MAINE.

ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING,

Executed with neatness and Dispatch, and at the most reasonable prices.

We have all the facilities for doing JOB WORK which are to be found this side of Boston, and shall endeavor, at all times, to see that the work is promptly and faithfully executed.

OUR ESTABLISHMENT

Has all the necessary material to do first-class work, and we intend, at all times, to keep up with the New Improvements and New Type, and give our customers as good work as can be secured.

We are prepared to execute, in the best style of the Art,

Posters of all sizes,

Hand Bills,

Programmes,

Circulars,

Bills of Fare,

Bill Heads,

Town Reports,

Labels of all kinds,

Catalogues,

Town Blanks,

Insurance Blanks,

Fair Bills,

Pamphlets of all kinds,

Business Cards,

Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Invitation Cards, Professional Cards, &c. &c.,

As cheap as at any other establishment this side of Boston.

PRINTING!

DONE WITH

Blue, Black, Green or Red Ink,

OR WITH

TWO OR MORE COLORS.

Particular attention paid to BRONZE

WORK in all its branches.

NEW STOCK! NEW GOODS!

A. M. NELSON,

Has just received from Boston a new stock

OF—

BROADCLOTHS, CASHMERE,

AND DELAINES,

With all the fixtures necessary to comprise a complete stock of

DRY GOODS!

Which will be sold low. Also, a prime assortment of

CROCKERY, GLASS,

—AND—

Hard-Ware!

With a general assortment of

GROCERIES!

—ALSO,—

Carpetings, Paper-Hangings, &c., &c.

aug2062t

Notice.

THE subscriber, grateful for past favors, would respectfully give notice, that he is again prepared to furnish

Boots & Shoes,

of every description, and of the best material and workmanship, to all who favor him with their patronage.

REPAIRING

done at short notice. Also,

Sole Leather, Shoe Findings

and almost all kinds of

SHOE STOCK,

on as good terms as can be had at any other establishment.

JAMES WEBB,

North Bridgton, March 4, 1862

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

Pamphlet Business Cards.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF

HUMAN MISERY.

Just published in a sealed envelope, price 6c.

A LECTURE BY DR. CULVERWELL ON

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA,

Consumption, Mental and Physical Debility, Nervousness, Epilepsy, Impaired Nutrition of the Body, Insomnia, Weakness of the Lungs and the Heart, Indigestion, and incapacity for study and labor, Dulness of Apprehension, Loss of Memory, aversion to society, Love of solitude, Timidity, Self-Distrust, Diseases, Hereditary Affections of the eyes, Pimples on the Face, involuntary Emissions, and Sexual Incontinence, the Consequences of Youthful Indiscretion, &c., &c.

This admirable Lecture clearly proves that the above enumerated, often self-inflicted evils, may be removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, and should be read by every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, to any address in six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing

DR. CHAS. J. C. KLINE, & Co.,

127 BOWERY, NEW-YORK,

Post Office Box, 4558. 1y14

STAGE NOTICE.

Stage leaves Bridgton Center for Portland

Daily at 7 o'clock, leaving for South

Bridgton, Harrison and Norway to South

Paris; thence by Railroad to Portland, and arrives in Portland at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Returning—Leaves Portland for South

Bridgton, Harrison and Norway, thence by stage to South

Bridgton, and arrives at Bridgton at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The above stage runs to Fryeburg, Mon-

day, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and

Sundays, in season for stage to South

Paris and Portland.

By taking this route, Passengers arrive in

Portland and leave for Maine going West,

and for Boston and Bangor, and are

carried to the Western Depot and to the

boats without any extra charge.

Fare from Fryeburg \$2.00, from Bridgton

Center, North Bridgton and Harrison, \$1.75

Down tickets to be had of the driver.

Tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryeburg

sold at the Grand Trunk Railroad Depot,

Portland. You will have to pay \$2.00 for

up tickets, and if you stop at Harrison or

Bridgton, the driver will pay you back 25

cents.

J. B. STOWELL, Proprietor,

J. W. FOWLER, Driver

Bridgton, Nov. 7th 1862. 451t

E. E. WILDER,

Carriage Trimmer,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

HARNESSES!

OF ALL KINDS,

BRIDGTON CENTER, . . . MAINE.

Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Blankets

and Harnesses, on hand or made to order

Repairing promptly attended to

Bridgton, Aug. 15, 1862. 4f

LANE & LITTLE,

Dealers in

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

Also, Manufacturers of

Cloaks, Capes and Mantillas,

No. 123 MIDDLE STREET,

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 5m

J. W. C. MORRISON & CO.,

Manufacturer and dealer in

Picture, Portrait, & Looking Glass

FRAMES,

No. 26 Market Square, . . . Portland.

Plain and Ornamental, Gilt, Black Wal-

nut, and Rose Wood Frames.

Also, a complete assortment of Photo-

graphic materials constantly on hand.

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

TRUE & MILLIKEN,

Wholesale Grocers

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

141 - Commercial St. - 141

D. W. TUNE, } Portland, Me

S. M. MILLIKEN. } 6m July 4

CROSMAN & POOR,

Druggists and Apothecaries

No 75 MIDDLE ST., FOX BLOCK,

PORTLAND, . . . MAINE.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family

Medicines receive especial attention.

6m July 4

JOHN W. PERKINS & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Paints, Oils and Varnishes,

DRUGS, DYE STUFFS, GLASS WARE,

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loss of Memory; dizziness of the eyes; Neu-

ralgic Pains in various parts of the body,

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